

DOLARNYS PRIMEROSE.

Or

The first part of the passionate Her-
mit: wherein is expressed the lively passi-
ons of Zeale and Loue, with an alluding discourse
to Valours ghost. Both pleasant and profitable,
if iudiciously read, and rightly
vnderstood.

Non est Beatus, esse qui se nescit.

WRITTEN BY A PRACTITIONER
in Poesie, and a stranger amongst Poets, which
causeth him dread this sentence:

Nihil ad Parmenonis suum.




AT LONDON

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20940

To the right Honourable, *Esme Stewart*, Lord of *Aubigny*, and one of the Gentlemen of his Maiesties bed-Chamber; ennobled with the rarest gifts that honour may afforde, or vertue challenge:
John Raynolds, wisheth happy increase of all noble and renowned resolutions.

 *Summoning my senses together (Right honourable) and weighing your Lordships worth, and my imperfections: Dispaire had almost checkt my too too presumptuous forwardnesse, onely for intending to present this simple worke into the hands of so noble a person: But Hope (chiefe mistresse of Desire, and enemy to Feare) began to animate my trembling thoughts with these perswasions.*

Virgil, whose curious inuentions haue made his name immortal, (though not for imitation, yet for pleasure) read Ennius rough Poesies: the Delphian Oracle gaue Socrates as good a sentence for his well meaning mite, as to the proudest Athenians, for their heapes of treasure. All that was pleaded before the Romane Senators, was not uttered by Tully, yet was it heard and allowed with plausible censures. Xerxes accepted as well of the poore mans handfull of water, as of the riche mans Goblet of gold.

Thus beholding right Honorable (as in a mirror) the estates or proceedings of passed times, and hauing in homely manner penned these few vnpolished lines, I presumed to present them into your Lordships hands: which although they are not stretched to the delicate treble keye of such refined Poems, as

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Maro sung in the cares of Augustus, yet they may bee rightly called, the fruits of as well intended thoughts. For Pandias labored as hard with his (selfe conceived sharp) pensil, as Apelles, with his approued skil. Euery painter cannot counterfeite lawne, with Parrhasius, nor proportion the Ciclops, with Tymanthes. Maiacs sonne refused not to tast on Baucis, faire Ioue was content with Philemons entertaynement. Although Fors Fortuna gaue Vlisses, the sentence for his curious smothernesse, yet Ajax had an applawdis for his rough plainenes: & as no counsel could reuoke. Fabius but Terentias fayrnesse, nor no surgion cure Hipolite but Esculapius, so no sunne can beautifie these deformed lines, but the glimses of your Lordships fauour, nor no salue be able to set these mangled strayns a foote, vnesse it be ministred by your noble protecting hand. I seeke not Ascanius rich cloake for brauerie, but couet with Damidas Parret, to bee sheltered from the vultures tirany.

Then Right honorable, if it wil please your Lordship to harbour this handfull of harsh sounding sillables vnder the safe conduct of your honours faire protection, I shall not onely thinke them sufficiently guarded from enuious tongues: but also esteeme my selfe happie, to haue them shadowed vnder the winges of so worthy a Mecenas. Thus hoping (though not for the worth of the present, yet for the true heart of the giuer of) your honors gentle patronage, & resting in that hope I wish your honour the happie enioying of your honourable wishes.

Your Lordships in all duty to be commanded.

I. R.



To the Right Honourable Lord,
Aubigny, health eternall.

What nere scene gemme, shall I deuise to set,
Vpon your helme, your temples to ingert?
What trophe rare, what wreath or Coronet,
Can guerdonize, your meriting desert?

O let me pollish, some nere written line,
To fit your worth, for worldlings to peruse:
And place it in, that loftie crest of thine,
Whose siluer showers, nourisheth my muse.

Making them spring, as flow'rs from frosty earth,
With *Aprill* deaws, the worlds broad eye to view:
Which else had died, and nere obtained birth,
Had they not gain'd, incouragement of you.

Base are the thoughts, that longs to write and dare not,
Then if you smile, let others frowne, (I care not.)

Your Lordships euer
humbly deuoted:

Iohn Raynolds.

A 3

To



To the Gentle Readers

whatsoever.

What should I scrape, or beg, at pardons gate,
With prostrate termes, to helpe my stranger rimes:
When as I know, that in this wau'ring state,
None well can please, these fickle enuious times.

Therefore I craue, no other boone but this,
Vpon my lines, let euery fancie deeme:
What please them best: well, meane, or flatte amisse,
No whit the worse, I will of them esteeme.

For enuious cures, will bawle at strangers true,
When neighbor theeues, vnseene may filch & steale:
But trustie mastifes, or by sent or view,
The priuie drifts, of both will soone reueale.

Then if the learned, seeke not to despise me,
Let Enuie barke, I know he cannot bite me.

Yours, I. R.



In laudem Authoris.

THough carping spight, should sit in *Momus* chaire,
And *Zoylus* fume, gnashing his venime Iawes:
Though *Crittick Satires*, raue and rend their haire,
And Enuy threat mee, with his fullsom pawes.

Yet this my pen, for *Raynolds* sake shall write,
Whose nouell lines, vnfoldes a fertill spring:
Reueales at large, sound loue in zelous plight,
Inchac'd with wo, and warlike sonneting.

Delighfull Poems, ioynd with pleasant good,
And harmelesse pleasure, mixt with loftie straines:
Then foule *Thersites*, cease thy rayling moode,
And giue at least, good words for so much paines.

But if abroad, thy enuy needs must flie,
Despight not him, who seekes to pleasure thee.

Abraham Sauere Gentleman.



DOLARNYS

Primeroſe.

WHen flowring May, had with her morning deawes,
Watred the meadowes, and the vallies greene,
The tender Lambes, with nimble-footed Eawes,
Came forth to meete, the wanton ſommers Queene:
The liuely Kidds, came with the little Fawnes,
Tripping with ſpeed, ouer the pleaſant lawnes.

To heare how that, dame Natures new-come broodes,
Began to ſet, their ſweet melodious notes,
With ſugred tunes, amidſt the leaue woodes,
Inchaunting muſicke, through their pretty throats:
By whole ſweet ſtraines, right well it might appeare,
The pride of Sommer, to be drawing neere.

Then bright *Apello*, threw his radiant ſmiles,
Into the lappes, of each delicious ſpring.
Where *Philomele*, the weary time beguiles,
In grouie ſhades, fountaines inuironing:
The late bare trees, there ſportiueſly did growe,
With leaue ſprigs on euery branch and bowe.

In garments green, the meadows fayre did ranck it,
The vallies lowe of garments greene were glad,
In garments greene, the paſtures proud did pranck it
The daly grounds in garments greene were clad:
Each hill and dale, each buſh and brier were ſcene,
Then for to flouriſh, in their garments greene.

B

Thus

Dolarnys Primerose.

Thus as the medowes, forests and the feedls,
In sumptuous tires, had deckt their daynty flades
The flourishing trees, wanton pleasure yeelds,
Keeping the sunne, from out their shadie shades:
On whose greene leaues, vpon each calmie day,
The gentle wind, with dallying breath did play.

The Oake, the Elme, the Alder and the Ashe,
Were richly clad, in garments gay and greene,
The Aspen trees, that oft the waters wash,
In like arraiment, then were neatly seene:
The lowly Lawrell, precious, rich and faire,
With Odors sweet, did fill the holsome ayre.

Their spreading armes, their branches and their boughes
Were made a bower, for the pritty birds,
Where Philomele, did come to pay her vowes,
With sugred tunes, in steed of wofull words:
Their lofty tops, of towring branches fayre,
Damp't with the musicke, of delicious ayre.

Whose hawty pride, regarded mirth nor moanes,
But with ambition, view'd the sommer flowers,
Their labells hang'd, with quivering dew-pearld stones,
Did represent, spangles on am'rous bowers:
There grouy shade, such pleasing ayre did lend,
As doth on groues, and grouy shades attend.

Vnweldy trees, gorgeous to behold,
Stood hand in hand, with branches all combining,
Their Gentle armes, each other did infold,
With luye sprigges, vpon their bodies climbing:
The more to breake, the hot reflexing rayes,
Of bright *Apollo*, in the sommer dayes.

Drawne

Dolarnys Primerose.

Drawne by the pleasure, of delightfull ayre,
Those checkred borders, oft I did frequent,
And vnderneath, those shadowes fresh and faire,
The weary time, oft wearily I spent:
Where at the length, it was my chance to meete,
An aged man, whom I did kindly greet.

He myrror like, for nurture, discipline,
Repay'd my words, with curteous kind regreting,
Then drew we neere, a fayre-spread-shady pine,
Vnder whose boughes, we solemniz'd our meeting:
Whereas long time, the time did not pursue,
But that familiar, in discourse we grew.

His aged wit, so pregnant made mee muse,
With courtly tearmes, and eloquence all flowing,
And such they were, that caus'd me t' accuse,
Mine owne so dull, that spent my time nought knowing:
His tongue-sweet notes, ti'd mine eares in chaines,
So that my senses, were rauisht with his straynes.

The sweetest musicke, tuch'd with curious hand,
Whose tones harmonious, bath's a list'ning eare,
Forcing fierce Tygers, all amazed stand,
Vnto his voyce compar'd, did harshly iarre:
Which caused me, with earnest sute to craue,
Some story from, his pleasing selfe to haue.

Who neither graunted, nor denied the motion,
With pleasant sadnesse, stood as in a muse;
Whilst I insnard, with his so sweet deuotion,
Fixed mine eyes, his mutenesse to peruse:
But then his tongue, broke off his contemplation,
And thus began, discourse with inuocation.

Dolarnys Primerose.

O thou great guider, of the guidelesse nine,
With sacred deaw, my witleffe wit inspire,
Water my senses, with thy Nectar fine,
Rauish my breaſt, with thy all hallowed fire:
So that my tongue, ſtray not in fond delight,
But in his courſe, wonder thy mighty might.

When liuely bloud, did run within my veins,
I tooke delight, to trauell here and there,
So much as then, my parents gaue my reins,
Vnto my ſelfe, to ſee how I could beare:
The fickle ſlights, of Fortunes turning wheele,
Which like Silenus, drunkenly doth reele.

The ſpring drew on, and youth did fill my pores,
Earnelt deſire, bred a ſtraying motion,
Within my breaſt, to ſee the Cambrian ſhoares,
That boundes vpon, the all vntamed Ocean:
Where huge ſteep rockes, ſhadeth each couert plaine,
Beaten with waues, from the Hiberian mayne.

And in a morne, when *Phæbus* faire did riſe,
Out off his bed, the mountaines to diſcouer,
Climbing the loſty, greſſes of the ſkies,
With longing ſteppes, to ouertake his louer:
My greedy eyes, deſir'd to feed their ſight,
Vpon the ſweet'ſt, of *Cambriaes* delight.

Then did I walke, toward thoſe riſing hills,
Where carefull paſtors, of their Kids were keeping,
Whil' ſt lazie ſwaynes, their fore-duld ſenſes kills,
By entertayning, too much time with ſleeping:
There did Paſtoraes, with their roundelayes,
Paſſe with delight, the ſommer of their dayes.

There

Dolarnys Primrose.

There might I see, the lofty Cedar trees,
From branch to bough, where pritty birds were skipping,
Their honey leaues, did feede the busie Bees,
Vnder whose shade, the milke white Does were tripping:
Their spreading armes, woare Iuie all combining,
Where might be scene, the nimble Squirrell climbing.

There did I see, the valleyes where the flockes,
Of fearefull Ewes, and tender Lambes were feeding,
The little springs, that do runne by the rockes,
The leauy shrubs, where pritty birds were breeding:
There Philomele, with sweet recording fills,
The plaines with musicke, ecchoing from the hilles,

I walkt along, that faire adorned field,
Till that I came, to a delicious spring,
Whose smiling current, did such pleasure yeeld,
As sweet content, vnto content could bring:
There did I rest, and stay my selfe a while,
Some tedious howers, thinking to beguile.

For why that fount, as pleasantly was plast,
As if delight, should lodge betweene two paps,
Freed with content, from Boreas northern blast,
Or as a Carpet, twixt two Ladyes laps:
Inuiron'd round, with their displaying tresses,
Whose amber shade, that golden-Carpet blesses.

Faire quiu'ring mirtle, did ingirt the spring,
With Iesamins sweet, and flowring Eglantine,
Vnder whose shade, the pritty birds did sing,
Melodious straines, celestiall and diuine:
With Delphian tunes, such as the muses playes,
Filling the thickets, with their sweet delays.

Dolarnys Primerose.

The rousing pibbles, and the flinty stones,
Were softly by, a shallow current turned,
The murmuring water, play'd with silver tones,
Loth to depart, and staying, running mourned:
Whose trickling-christall, musick-sounding voice,
Into mine eares, did yeeld a pleasing noise.

Such were the mirth, and pleasant harmony,
The Organ ayre, did gently seeme to make,
With dulcian straynes, of heavenly melody,
As once *Mercurie* whispred by the Lake:
Whose trembling breath, new descants did deuise,
Till *Innoes Argus*, clos'd his hundred eyes.

The pritty birds, did beare a sweete record,
The bubbling streames, the vnder-song did keepe,
The dallying wind, such musick did afford,
That almost rockt, my senses fast a sleepe:
And well neere caus'd me, for to take a nappe,
As I lay musing, in yong *Tellus* lappe.

But then I heard, a sad lamenting voyce,
The which did cut, a passage through the ayre,
And filld the woodes, with such a dolefull noise,
That all the groues, seem'd cloyed vp with care:
Which forc'd me, from that place for to arise,
And clos'd againe, my well neere slumbring eyes.

Then drew I neere, a little rising rocke,
Whereas the waues, did dash their high curld browes,
The birds and beasts, together they did flocke,
Cooling themselves, vnder those shady boughes:
Which dangling hung, like to a golden fleece,
Over the head, of fayre *Amphrisus* neece.

And

Dolarnys Primrose.

And vnderneath, a pleasant Hawthorne tree,
The which did grow, neere to that rockie hill,
There did I stand, to listen and to see,
The dolefull noyse, the which the ayre did fill:
I stayd not long, but well I might descric,
VVhence did proceed, that wofull harmonye,

For neare that place, a stately pine did grow,
Angerly shaking, of his leauy crowne,
At whose sterne feet, the humble shrubs did bow,
Fearing the terrour, of his rugged frowne:
Vnder whose armes, a wofull man did dwell,
The which did hold, that bower for his cell.

Where he did often, with lamenting cries,
Bewray the cause, of all his woefull cares,
The which did seeme, to pierce the vaulty skies,
And to dissolue, hard flints to brinish teares:
To fill the woods, with noyse as loud as thunder,
To splitt hard rockes, and rend great trees asunder.

Whom when I did, with full aspect behold,
I musing stood, his grievous grones to heare,
His prayers were plaints, his sobs his solace told,
His myrth was moane, his cries were full of care:
With broken fighes, a thousand times and more,
Thus he began, his sorrowes to deplore.

Why did I breathe? why did I take the ayre?
Why did I suck? why was I fed with milke?
Why was I young? why was I counted faire?
Why was I nursed? why was I clad in silke:
Why did I liue? why dyed I not being yong?
Why was I lul'd? why was I sweetly sung.

What

Dolarnys Primerose.

What cruell planet, gouern'd at my birth?
What dismall starre, that day or night did shine?
What loathsome-vapour, ouerspread the earth,
Vpon that sad, natu.ry of mine?
Or did the haggas, with all their hellish power,
Inchant, bewitch, or curse that fatall houre?

O had the Midwife, when she first receiu'd me,
With nimble hand, my vitall powers stopt,
Or had my nurse, of liuing breath bereau'd me,
These fields of sorrow, I had neuer crop:
But both I summon, with impartiall eye,
As Actors in, my wofull Tragedy.

Yet did I liue, full twenty sommers long,
In springs of ioy, one running ouer other,
How then poore soules, could they enact my wrong?
No 'twas not they, it was my foster mother:
Fortune 'twas thee, that blyssfull men dost spight,
Thou onely stolst from me, my hearts delight.

Thou torring else, with euer turning wheele,
That first did set, mee soft vpon thy knee,
And gau'st me all, thy blessings for to feele,
What caus'd thee thus, vnkind to loue on me?
No 'twas not Fortune, she was alwaies kinde
Filling my saile, still with a prosperous winde.

Could any wretch, be then s' infortunate,
As I poore soule, whom Fortune seem'd to guide,
No, fortune no, it was thy cruell hate,
The which for me, these sorrowes didst prouide:
Thou art the wretch, thou art the beldame vile,
Thou didst my heauen, my heart, and hope exile.

For

Dolarnys Primerose.

For when my yeares, had furnisht forth my youth,
And twenty times, the sunne had chang'd his light,
Thou most perfidious, wau'ring still in truth,
My silly soule didst crosse, with cruel spight:
And onely thou, by falshood didst deceiue mee,
Of ioy and blisse, thou didst at once bereaue mee.

Thy circled wheele, thou didst to mee forth bring,
More richly deckt, then ere it was before,
Thou setst me gently, on that fickle ring,
And gau'st me pleasure, in abundant store:
VVith many fauours, still thou didst belay mee,
But with thy falshood, still thou didst betray mee.

Thou drew'st mee on, with loues intising bayte,
To walke the pathes, where thou a net hadst laid,
VVith thousand snares, thou didst vpon mee waite,
Vntill I was, of all my ioyes betrayd:
To desperate dangers, thou didst easly wile mee,
VVhilst from my life, and loue thou didst exile mee,

Then did this heauy, hermit seeming man,
Stand mutely still, but still he seem'd to moane,
His aged visage, lookt both pale and wan,
His sadnesse he, redoubled with a groane:
He seem'd a while, vnto himselfe to mutter,
But yet no word, at al, I heard him vtter.

Vntill at length, him did I plainly see,
A stately picture, in his hand to take,
The which I gest, a holy saint to be,
For that so much, of it he seem'd to make:
He kist it oft, and hugd it as he lay,
And thus at length, to it began to say.

Dalarnys Primerose.

Fayre but vnkind, no kind: fie too too cruel,
Thirtie long years, with mee I haue thee borne,
Thrise ten yeares told, loues fire hath bene my fuel,
So long my heart, thy fayre imprint hath worne:
If *Neslors* yeares, thrise three times told I liue,
My loue alone, to thee I freelic giue.

Tell mee my loue, tell mee, why didst thou leaue mee?
Why to thy Loue, didst thou proue so vnkind?
Pardon my deare, was death that did deceaue mee,
Yet art thou toomb'd, for euer in my mind:
Then did he weepe, bewayling of his harmes,
And with these words, he luld it in his armes.

O had these armes, thy liuing corps imbrac'd,
But halfe so oft, as now they haue doone thee,
These paths of sorrow, I had neuer trac'd,
Nor died in thrall, but liu'd and died free:
But sith thou liuing, wert not in my power,
He hugge thy shadowe, till my latest houre.

With which sad words, his grou'ling corps did fall,
With gastly colour, sighs abound-Lamenting,
Which forc'd mee rew, his sad and wotull thrall,
with rufull pittie, and with teares relenting:
I mou'd to ayde him, yet as loth to feare him,
I paus'd a while, before that I came neare him.

For that he then, began to moue his eyes,
His earth-like hands, his heauie troncke did rayse,
His sighs did vault, into the dimmed skyes,
His tongue forgot, not how his loue to prayse:
But fearing least, his secrets should be spied,
From out his bower, fullsecretly he pried.

Then

Dolarnys Primerose.

Then with deepe sighs, he did agayne repeate,
The rare perfections, of his long dead loue,
Her comly graces, and her gesture neat,
The which did seeme the senslesse stones to moue:
Which loue-sick plaints, my tongu's too weake to tel,
His peniue passions, did so much excell,.

Nor could a volume, copie his loues descriptions,
That were dislodged, from his wo-swolne heart,
For he recited, with true loues affections,
A thousand times, each limme and lineall parte:
All which by him, so oft pronounced were,
That almost dul'd, my shallowe sense to heare.

Yet did his sweet, sophistick sorrows tie,
My Leaden pow'rs, in chaynes of list'ning Steele,
With greedy cares, to sucke atentiuely,
His sugred iobs, the which I seem'd to feele:
For each sad straine, that from his lipps did passe,
Bewrayd the birth-right, of his gentle race.

Then did he take, a faire delicious lute,
Whose well tun'd string, she touch'd with curious skill,
Forcing his fingars, with a swift pursute,
To strike the frets, of musicks ground at will:
His nimble hand, guided by supple veynes,
With heauenly pawsons, clos'd his dol'full streynes.

Not great *Apolloes* viol-sounding laies,
That forc'd huge *Tmolus*, daunce with buskey haire,
When silly *Midas*, rob'd him of his prayse,
Might with the descants, of his *Lute* compare:
And with a tune, would moue a stone to pittie,
He sadly sigh'd, and song this mournfull dittie.

The Hermites song.

YE hilles and dales,
Ye rockes and vales,
Beare witnesse of my moane:
Ye water nimphes,
And pritty Imphes,
Come sigh with mee and groane.
Come ye Satyres, and ye Fawnes,
Come ye from the pleasant Lawnes:
From the groues, and shady trees,
On whose Green leaues, the humming bees,
Their thyes do fill,
At their owne will,
And whereon still,
With sittring wings, poore Progne flees.

Ye Fairy elues,
Come ye your selues,
From out each hollow caue:
And Coridon,
Come thou alone,
Thy presence I do craue:
For thy pipe comfortingly,
Equalleth my harmony.
Mournfull Amyntas, now and thee
Are best to beare me company:
For with consort,
We may report,
Our Loues extort,
With wofull straines of melody.

Dolarnys Primerose.

*Ye Siluans all,
Both great and small,
come Listen to my greefe:
Ye kids and Lambs,
Come with your dams,
And bring me some releefe:
Thou maide of Comes, come to me,
With aide in this my miserie,
And lead me once Aeneas-like,
Vnto that ugly Stigian dike.*

*That I may mixe,
And yet perforce,
Mine eye on Stix,
Where Cerberus liueth, that fowle tyke,*

*If that wearie,
Charons ferrie,
Will no ways take mee in:
Vndoubting harmes,
With these mine armes,
Ile venture for to swymme:
For sometimes his coale blacke boate,
Rides not in that road a floate,
If so, I will in no wise stay,
Although vnto mine owne decay
In unfearing poar's,
With arming oar's,
From off the shoars,
Ile quicklie post from thence away.*

*For if that I,
Should chance to die,
And in that Lake to wander:
Yet should I gayne,
On Lofty straine,*

Dolarnys Primerose.

Aboute-loue drown'd Leander.

*But if that well I should passe,
Vgly Charons muddie place,
And happily to land me there,
VVithin that faire celestiall sphere,
Then with small payne,
I should attaine,
Elizian plaine:
VVhere my loue sits crown'd in a chayre,*

FINIS.

When he had finish't, vp his mournfull song,
He lai'd his lute, downe by his weary side,
Himselfe he strecht, vpon the grasse along,
And with sad waylings, thus agayne he cry'd:
How much awayles, it that my trauels farr,
Hath not worne out, the print of Cupides skarr?

What Christian land, is it that hath not borne mee?
What Ilau'd was, not subiect to my sight?
How many woods, and deserts still doo scorne mee?
But nothing yeelds, to mee my harts delight:
From place to place, Desire my corps doth carry,
Which same desire, there will not let me tary.

Then did he sigh, then wept, then sigh'd amayne,
Then wrung his hands, then cried, then crost his armes,
Then tore his haire, then groan'd, then wept againe,
Then with sad teares, he thus bewayld his harmes:
Padua farwell, my loue in thee doth lie,
Within thy wals, I lost my libertie.

And

Dolarnys Primerose.

And Albion now, to thee my native home,
Where first I did, receaue my vitall breath,
After all paines, paine to thee I come,
Within thy bounds, to giue my selfe to death:
For sith my loue, my loue hath me forsaken,
My last farewell, of Padua I haue taken.

But when alas, when shall my sorrows end?
When shall I cease, of Padua for to cry?
When shall I see, sterne Atropos vnbend,
My wofull threed, of sad calamitie?
When shall I leaue, in zealous cloake to stand,
With loue-sicke cries, to curse both sea and land?

O let mee neuer, cease with hideous cries,
With dolefull tunes, and horrid exclamations,
To send my sighes, into the lofty skies,
And pearce the Chaos, with my inuocations,
Vntil these eies, that fed their ravin'd sight:
Vpon Ægesla, be depriv'd of light.

Thou sullen earth, with Anger sownding wo,
Ye bleating fawnes, shaded with sheltring twigs,
Ye murm'ring waters, that with teates oreflowe,
Ye chirping birds, that chant the dauncing sprigs:
Come all at once, your saddest descants bring,
My fayre Ægeslaes, epitaphs to sing.

Dead is my loue, dead are my hopes and Ioyes,
accursed Fates, that of my loue bereft mee,
Curst be al hopes, let hopes be haplesse toyes,
For loue, and loy, hope, hap, and all hath left mee:
And I remaine, vncestantlie to cry,
Still lyuing, still, ten thousand deaths to die.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

O Let mee curſe, that day, the time and howe,
When firſt I left, faire *Padua* and my loue,
O let mee curſe, all gold and golden power,
By whoſe fowle force, theſe vggly ſtorms I proue:
O let mee curſe, that time that I did gayne,
The name of Knight, to liue in hermites payne.

But O my Loue, my Loue, and only Ioy,
My fayre *Ageſſa*, *Ægeſſa* Ile come to thee,
More fayre then Helen, ſacke of ſtatelie Troye,
Once more Ile come, to ſewe to court to woo thee:
Now I will come, to thine immortall ſhrine,
Where thou doſt liue, triumphant and diuine.

Then why do I, thus linger here and there,
And ſeek not out, the way t' *Auernus* caue?
Wretch that I am, how can I thus forbear,
Pining for want, of that which I would haue?
I Glaucus-like, do trauell day and night,
While ſhee by *Circe*, is transformed quite.

Wherefore Ile go, like to that Thracian bold,
With this my lute, my iourney will I take,
Whoſe fretts and ſtrings, Ile frame of glittering gold,
Then Orphe-like, Ile croſſe that muddie lake:
And thou fayre *Pallas*, and ye muſes nine,
My hand and tongue, guide with your pow'rs diuine.

Venus I craue, a helping hand of thee,
Safe to conduct mee, through the Lethean fenns,
And thy ripe wit, lend me ſweet *Mercury*,
That I with eaſe, may paſſe that mierie Themmes:
So that blacke *Charon*, with his ſwartie oares,
May ſet mee ſafe, on *Demogorgons* ſhoar's

Where

Delornys Primerose.

Where Orphe-like, to Tenarus Ile go,
Which vgly gate, doth open towards the North,
There Cerberus fowle, doth make his triple shoue,
There takes he in, but none he will put forth:

Ye fates vnreele, my lou's sad destinie,
Or I will seeke, her with Persephone,

With that he clos'd, his hollowe wo-swolne eyes,
And stretcht his lims, along the senselesse ground,
His gasty visage, pierst the vaultie skyes,
Sometimes his eyballs, seem'd for to turne round:

With tortur'd groan's, then would he sadly gaspe,
With emptie palms, then did he weaklie graspe.

Then did he lie, with quiu'ring legs and arms,
Then groueling craules, then feeble fall againe,
Then as one stricke, with magick spellles and charmes,
There would he seeme, quite breathlesse to remaine:

Thus did he lie, thus did he sometimes welter,
But then stone still, the shadows did him shelter.

At which prospect, I could no longer stand,
But soone did runne, to helpe him in that case,
And water cold, I brought within my hand,
Wherewith I rubd, his pale and gasty face:

I raised him vp, then set him downe againe,
Then puld him here, then thrust him thence amayne.

At length a sigh, mixt with a greecious groane,
He sent to tell, some life in him was left,
The which did moue, my very heart to moane,
For that so much, of sense he was bereft:

Yet laboring still, I mou'd him here and there,
Vntill at length, he asked who it were.

D

That

Dolarnys Primerose.

That so did wake him, from his quiet sleepe,
Which was so much, vnto his hearts content,
With that he wept, but seeming not to weepe,
For feare that I, should relish what it ment:

He wip'd his eyes, that were ore-flow'd with teares,
And seem'd to banish, all his former cares.

Then vnto mee, these speeches he adrest,
How could you finde, my filie Hermits bower?
You d.d not well, to wake mee from my rest,
For in two dayes, I scarce doo sleepe one houre:
But that I am, a Hermit as you see,
With good caule I, might with you angrie be.

Alas (quoth I) good gentle father heare mee,
And let not anger, harbour in your brest,
Although you chide not, well your looks may feare mee,
For ages frownes, may breed a youthes vnrest:
Then if you please, to heare what I shall say,
I will reueale, how I did chance this way.

And seeing you lai'd; as I you lying found,
Seeming quite breathlesse, in my iudgments eye,
With armes and legges, stretcht forth vpon the ground,
Pitty did force, my harmlesse hand to trie:
As halfe amaz'd, the vn-approued doubt,
If Natures taper, were quite wasted out.

For surely sir, if accident should call mee,
Vnto a chance, such as this chance hath beene,
I tell you plaine, what hap so ere befall mee,
The like effect, in mee should sure be seene:

For why I durst, haue paund my neighbours head,
Your body had, from out this world beene dead.

These:

Dolarnys Primerose.

These words I vttered, something smilingly,
With hum'rous gesture, and a pleasing vaine,
Because I would not, haue him willingly,
Thinke that I knew, aught of his wo and paine :
And truth to tell, I could no better make them,
Because that he, could no wayes better take them.

For then he calmelie, did desire of mee,
To shew what pastimes, I did most imbrace,
What country man, and what my name might be;
And eke what chance, had brought mee to that place:
This did he aske, with words so faire and coole,
As he his time, had spent in Natures schoole.

I not denying, of his kinde request,
With sad discourse, my name and country told,
And some light toye, that harbored in my brest,
I did not let, to him for so vnfold:
But for the chance, that brought mee to that place,
Thus did I glose it, with a brasen face.

Auroraes spring, that ripens the golden mornes,
No sooner pried, ore the mountaines tops,
But that the Huntsmen, winded out their hornes,
Calling the Dogs, into a grouie cops :
I follow'd on, at length there did appeare,
Rowl'd from the wood, a lustie fallow Deare.

The hounds pursu'd, the huntsmens ecchoing noise,
Did seeme throughout, the shadie groues to ring,
Vnskild of horne, scarce with a huntsmans voice,
I follow'd still, to see that nouell thing :

'Twere foll' in me, *Thersites* like to vaunt it,
But the huntsmen, and the hounds did chaunt it.

Delornys Primrose.

The greened hart, with teares bewayles his case,
The egar dogs, did lightly passe the grounds,
A Paduan brach, was formost in the chase,
For she did leade, the other crie of hounds:

Which caus'd the hart, to scud with nimble heels,
Ore hills and dales, ore craggie bracks and fields.

Then did he fall, into a heard of deere,
Then to the soile, then to the heard againe,
Then in the woodes, he faintlye did appeere,
Then ore the mountaines, thence into a plaine:
And all this while, the houndes had not a checke,
But still did seeme, to take him by the necke.

And formost still, that faire Italian hounde,
The which was thought, to be of Spartan kinde,
Of all the rest, she seem'd to gather ground,
For she did run, as swift as any winde:
Which caus'd the deere, in's necke to laie his hornes,
And so to post, through brambles, briers and thornes.

The huntsmen glad, to see their sport so good,
Did winde their hornes, to courage vp their houndes,
The sillie deere, did hasten to the wood,
The dogs full crye, did keepe a narrowe boundes:
So that sometimes, they seem'd his hanche to nipp,
which caus'd him feeble, from there gripes to slippe.

Ore bushe and brier, the dogs did seeme to make him,
Bounce, leape, and skippe, when he could scarsely go.
I follow still, but could not ouertake him,
Yet did I crosse, and meete him to and fro:
Then in the groues, the houndes did ring apace,
with yelping voyces, in that sollemne chace,

Then

Dolarnys Primerose.

Then here, then there, the ecchoing wood resounded,
Of those shrill notes, display'd with hornes and hounds,
The noyle whereof, into the skies rebounded,
Throughout the hills, and all the daly grounds:
Which pastime rare, my tongue denyes to tell,
The hunting musicke, did so much excell.

Then for to meete, the game a neerer way,
I walkt along, a dale hard by a fountaine,
Whereas a while, to drinke I there did stay,
Then did I c'imbe, the top of yonder mountaine:
Where I might view, at large the vally grounds,
But could not heare, the huntsmen nor the hounds.

Then looking tow'rd, this little shady plaine,
Like a yong huntsman, I began to call,
Whereas me thought, one answered me againe,
That seem'd my voyce, in his for to install:
I something angry, came along the ground,
But then I knew, it was an ecchoes sound,

Thus hauing lost, the sport I came to see,
And knowing not where, to seeke the same againe,
My minde did with, my weary legs agree,
Homeward to go, thorough this couert plaine:
Thus leaving off, the lusty red Deeres chase,
It was my chance, to finde you in this place.

Then howsoere, I pray you pardon mee,
Were you asleepe, or were you in a fownd,
Or in a traunce, as so you well might be,
But surely dead, you seem'd when I you found:
Chance is but chance, then for this châce excuse me,
Sith in my thoughts, I did no whit abuse ye.

Belony's Primerose.

Thus haue I told you, all you did demand,
And more will tell you, if you do request it,
Ther's nothing lieth, within my powerlesse hand,
But age shall haue it, els I will detest it:
Then aske and haue, ther's nought consists in mee,
But you free owner, of the same shalbe.

Then did hee seeme, to cloake both wrath and loue,
The heate of one, did quench the others fire,
Where two extremes, in one doth seeme to moue,
It qualifieth, the hotnesse of desire:
For neither mou'd, with loue nor fretfull spleene,
Clad in these words, his speech was neatly scene.

Your curtesies, excel farre my desert,
My merits no way, can them counteruayle,
But if my loue, or aught within my heart,
Can equall them, I will in no wayes fayle:
But what you haue, in kindenesse shew'd to mee,
By mee shall no wayes, vnrequited bee.

For looke what nurture, doth by nature owe,
Vnto a stranger, you haue shewed to mee,
Then if that I, a stranger should not showe,
Such curteous deeds, as might with yours agree:
Well might I gaine, my selfe a scandall crime,
And shew miss-spent, the trauels of my time.

But sith that now, the sunne hath well neare past,
His halfe daies course, climbing the lofty sphere,
And that long trauell, in your lims hath plast,
Hungar and thirst, with hunting of the Deere:
Let me intreate you, with these cares of mine,
In this my bower, this once with mee to dine.

Dolarnys Primerose,

I gaue him thanks, and seem'd right well content,
At which my words, the Hermit turn'd him round,
Vnto his scrip, he then directly went,
Taking a cloth, and spred it on the ground:
And as his cloth, and cates he neatly layed,
With smyling tearmes, these words to mee he sayd.

Sir thinke not now, your selfe in towne or court,
For to bee pamperd, with delicious fare,
For here remaynes, no pompe nor stately port,
But thinke you here, inuiorn'd round with care:
Here vse we not, our bellies for to fill,
But feed at neede, sterne hungar for to kill.

With that hee went, to fetch some water in,
While I stood musing, for to see his fare,
For hee had set, a skull for to begin,
Which would haue moou'd; a prodigall to care:
And right against it, stood an houre glasse;
Where one might see, how swiftly time did passe.

Then did he set, an earthen pot of flowers,
Whose colour cleare, was withered quite away,
Then did he set, two other, whose faire powers,
Seem'd to contayne, the pleasures of the day:
And then a booke, and then a little bell,
But what that ment, my senses could not tell.

No bit of meate, vpon the table stood,
But some fewe rootes, the which alone did lie,
Alas thought, I, this is but simple food,
Yet for this once, I will not him deny:
But I will sit, and thinke I haue good meate,
That I may see, how he these cates wil cate.

Then:

Dolarnys Primerose.

Then with his pitcher, he came in againe,
Fill'd with fayre water, from a fountaine cleare,
And purer farre, then siluer drops of raine,
That falleth in, the Aprill of the yeare:

Then with these words, he tooke mee by the hand,
You see your fare, then doo not musing stand.

But sit you downe, vpon these flowers by mee,
Although course fare, to dinner you shall haue,
Yet sit I pray, and beare mee companye;
For nere good fare, was in a Heremits caue:

Yet if that want, thereof your sense doth dull,
Our table talke, shall surely fill you full.

Then sat I downe, vpon the carpet grasse,
Where after thanks, to God for that our meate,
He did begin, the dinner time to passe,
With sad discourse, but not a bit did eate:

For in his hand, he tooke the dead mans scull,
The which did seeme, to fill his stomacke full.

He held it still, in his sinister hand,
And turn'd it soft, and stroakt it with the other,
He smil'd on it, and oft demurely faund,
As it had beene, the head of his owne brother:
Oft would h'haue spoke, but something bred delay;
At length halfe weeping, these words did he say.

This barren scull, that here you do behold,
Why might it not, haue beene an Emperours head?
Whose store-house rich, was heap'd with massy gold,
If it were so, all that to him is dead:

His Empire crowne, his dignities and all,
When death tooke him, all them from him did fall.

Why

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Why might not this, an Empreſſe head haue beene,
Although nowe bare, with earth and crooked age?
Perhaps it was, the head of ſome great Queene,
Vertuous in youth, though now ſpoil'd with earths rage:
Well if it were, ſo rich a treaſure once,
Now tis no more but rattling gaſtly bones.

Say that it were, the head of ſome great man,
That wiſely ſearcht, and pri'd out euery cauſe,
And that inuented, eu'ry day to ſkanne,
The deepe diſtinctiōs, of all ſorts of laws:
And ſometimes ſo, cut off his neighbours head,
Why if it were, himſelfe is now but dead.

And might it not, a Lady ſometimes ioye,
Thaue deckt, and trim'd, this now rain beaten face,
With marry a trick, and new-found pleaſing toye?
Which if that now, ſhe did behold her caſe:
Although on earth, ſhe were for to remaine,
She would not paint, nor trimme it vp againe.

Why might not this, haue beene ſome lawiers pate,
The which ſometimes, brib'd, brawl'd, and tooke a fee,
And lawe exacted, to the higheſt rate?
Why might not this, be ſuch a one as he?
Your quirks, and quilletts, now fir where be they,
Now he is mute, and not a word can ſay.

Why might not this, haue garniſht forth ſome dame,
Whoſe ſole delight, was in her dog and fanne,
Her gloues, and maſke, to keepe her from the aime,
Of *Phebus* heate, her hands or face to tanne:
Perhaps this might, in euery ſort agree,
To be the head, of ſuch a one as ſhee.

E

Or

Dolarings Primerose.

Or why not thus, some filthie pander slaue,
That broaker like, his soule doth set and sell,
Might not haue dyed, and in an honest graue,
After his death, gone thether for to dwell:

And I come there, long after he were dead,
And purchase so, his filthy panders head.

Or say 'twere thus, some three chind foggie dame,
The which was so, but then a bawd was turn'd,
And kept a house, of wanton *Venus* game,
Vntill such time, her chimneis all were burn'd:
And there some one, with *Gallian* spice well sped,
May dye of that, and this might be her head,

But O I runne, I runne too farre astray,
And prate and talke, my wits quite out of doore,
Say 'twere a King, Queene, Lord, or Lady gay,
A Lawyer, Minion, Pander, or a whore:
If it were noble, t'were not for mee to creak on.
If it were base, it were too vile to speake on.

But what so ere it was, now 'tis but this,
A dead mans scull, vsurped from his graue,
Yet doo I make it, still my formost dish,
For why? 'tis all the comfort that I haue:
In that I may, when any dine with mee,
Shew what they were, and eke what they shall bee.

Then on the cloath, he set it downe againe,
And with a sigh, hart-deepe with halfe a groane,
Which drew salt teares, from out his eyes amaine,
Although he cloak'd them, with a prittie moane:
Well sir quoth he, although your chear's not great,
This is the sawse, you shall haue to your meate.

Which

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Which I no nigard, with you not to ſpare,
Although it be an ill digeſting meate,
Yet ſuch it is, that we muſt knowe and heare,
Though wee not that, yet that our liues will eate:
And who ſoere, with in my bowre ſhall dine,
Shall taſt this ſawſe, ere any cates of mine.

Then did hee giue, mee of his rootie foode,
And bad mee eate, and hee tooke of the ſame,
Hee eate thereof, affirming it were good,
But I to taſte it, knew not how to frame:
And yet becauſe, that I was hunger-beaten,
I chaw'd a bit, and ſeem'd as though I had eaten.

Then did he take, his pitchet in his hand,
And courteouſly, did proffer drinke to mee,
I wil'd him drinke, and I at his commande,
Nexte taſter of, that ſame his drinke would be:
Hee dronke thereof, and after ſo did I,
And ſett the pott, vpon the ground vs by.

Then in his hand, he tooke the houre glaſſe,
And theſe like words, to me he did bewraye,
Behold ſaith he, how here the time doth paſſe,
Tread you vpright, or go you quite a ſtray:
Here may you ſee, how ſwift your time doth runne,
And ceaſeth not, vntill your life be doone.

This glaſſe euen now, was full of ſlipery ſand,
This glaſſe euen now, was like the prime of youth,
This glaſſe euen now, was fill'd with plentyes hand,
Only in this, you may behold Times truth:
Here you may ſee, that time is alwayes ſliding,
This is a mirrour, of fickle times abiding.

Dolarnys Primerose.

See how it glides, see, see, how fast it runne,
Say a good life, vpon this time did dwell,
wer't not too soone, his houre should be come,
I hee in vertue, others did excell:

No, were he *Moses, David* or *Salomon*,
His time thus come, his life must needs be gon.

Now 'tis full out, the lampe hath burn'd the oyle,
This houres sunne, within this glasse is set,
Were this a man, he now were free'd from toyle,
All earthly labors, now he would forget:

And as this sand, within this glasse lie still,
So should the earth, his breathlesse body hill.

Without more words, the glasse he did set downe,
And tooke two potts, of flowers in his hands,
Hee knit his browes, and seemed for to frowne,
Yet of the vertues, thus at length hee fkan:

These with red flowers, were as faire as these,
And these faire flowers, will be as foule as these.

This pot of flowers, that dead and with red be,
In prime of shew, but yesterday were growing,
Their blasted lookes, thus faded as you see,
Were yesterday, both pleasant fresh and flowing:

What wee are all, by these wee may deuine,
When death shall cut, our thred and fatall line.

And these faire flowers, that now so faire doo seeme,
Whose powers were foster'd, with this mornings deaw,
Their gaudy time, as I do iustly deeme,
Is nigh halfe spent, as triall shall proue true:

For ere their lookes, the morrow light shall see,
Their pleasant hewe, full with red off shalbe.

These

Dolarnys Primerose.

These faded flowers, are like vnto the man,
The which cold dead, vpon the ground doth lie,
With gastly colour, visage pale and wan,
And many mourners, him attending by:
His life thus gon, his body nothing craue,
But to be hid, within an earthly graue.

The with red flowers, then he did set downe,
And tooke the flowers, equall to the other,
Which when they were, each one by other showne,
Scarfe could I deeme, the on's hew from the other:
But that the last, in's right hand he did hold,
The first of them, his left hand did infold.

Then with sad lookes, he sigh't and thus bespake,
Behold these flowers, a paradox in yeares,
With such remorse, these speeches from him brake,
That hee did partly, smother them with teares:
Behold (quoth he) the man that liues in payne,
And eke the man, that doth in ioye remaine.

These flowers (quoth he) his right had flowers meaning,
Doth represent, the life, of happie men,
The which with vertue, in their bounds containing,
Doleadeth their liues, that none may looke agen:
Whose humane course, no man hath euer seene,
To be corrupt, with fretfull ire or spleene.

These flowers are like, the man who from his youth,
Hath led his life, in pathes of vpright wayes,
Th'are like to him, that strayth not from the truth,
But liues in goodnesse, all his youthfull dayes:
Th'are like to him, whose yeares doo not decay,
But liueth young, vntill his latest day.

Dolarnys Primerose.

These flow'rs (quoth he,) were crop't two days ago,
But yet doo keepe, their perfect colour still,
The water is, the cause why they doe so,
For why? brim-full, this small pot I did fill:
So looke where vertu's, fill'd with sweet content,
There life or colour, will not soone be spent.

Yet euen as beauty, from these pretty flowers,
Though moistly kept, at length wil quite consume,
So shall that man, who hath with all his powers,
Decked him selfe, in vertues sweet perfume:
For though he feeds, long on moist vertues breath,
Yet at the length, he yeelds himselfe to death.

Then did he looke, vpon his left hand flowers,
Alasse (quoth he,) me thinks I see you fade,
The drouth of wo, consumeth all your powers,
Y' are burnt with heat, though always kept in shade:
For euen as care, like fire consumes a man,
So drouth in shade, your beauteous colours tanne.

These flow'rs are like, the willfull prodigall,
That vnthrif-like, spendeth his youthfull dayes,
Mourning vp still, euen sodenly to fall,
By in directing, of his willfull wayes:
His riotous life, his toyes and lauish tongue,
Makes him looke old, when that he is but young.

Th' are like to him, that wantons it abroad,
With midnight reuills, kept in *Venus* court,
Sparng no cost, but la'ch on golden loade,
And in a brothell, keeps Lordly port:
But when his purse, and vaynes are all drawn drye,
Though he's but young, he lookes as he would die.

Th' are

Dolarrys Primrose.

Th'are not vnlike, a vertuous nurtur'd child,
The which did flowrish, in his tender yeares,
But got the reines, grows headstrong proud and wilde,
Till all his graine, is turn'd to frutlesse tares:
Then full of care, he leaues his foolish ioy,
And looks like age, when he is but a boie.

Good sir (quoth he,) thus haue I to you showne,
The vertu's of, these seuerall sorts of dishes,
My glasse and flowers, you the tast haue knowne,
Although not fill'd, with flesh nor dayntie fishes:
And with those words, he did set downe the flowers,
Feeding againe, for to reuiue his powers.

Not past two bits, the silly man did eate,
When in his hand, he tooke the booke and bell,
And thus of them, began for to intreat,
Whilst dropping teares, from his sad eies beset:
This booke (quoth he) a mans shape seems to haue,
And this the bell, that cals him to his graue.

This Little booke, presents the life of man,
Wherein is wrap'd, the substance of his soule,
Which be it fresh, or be it pale or wan,
T' must separate, when as this bell doth roule:
How vertuous, bad, or pure soere it be,
When death doth call, soule must from body flee.

Within this booke, doth spring the well of life,
Which fountaine cleare, giues drinke to al that craues it,
Heare li'th the sword, that ends all Kindes of strife,
Deny'd to none, but all that seeks it haue it:
And they that vse, this sword, or water cleare,
This bells alarum, need not for to feare.

Within

Dolarnys Primerose.

Within this booke, good men renew their sight,
When as they bathe, their liquid veines therein :
To heare this bell, it doth their soules delight,
They feare not death, they force him not a pin :
For when sterne death, thinkes most their soules t'anoy,
This is their shield, they thinke him but a toy.

This booke (quoth he) should Vsurers behold,
And foule vsurpers, of their neighbours land,
That robs the poore, and heapes vp hoordes of gold,
To note it well, they would amazed stand :
And from those lands, and bagges of money fall,
For feare this Bell, to *Limbo* should then call.

If drunkards, gluttons, or lasciuious men,
Would deeply diue, into this small bookes lines,
Their owne black leaues, they would turne ore agen,
And soone bewaile, their monster like spent times :
Arming them selues, with this, the scourge of hell,
Least they should feare, the tolling of the Bell.

Or if that they, who swell with haughty pride,
Within this booke, should make their looking-glasse,
Or if false theeues, should here their shares diuide,
And view it well, before they hence did passe :
Pride and *Celena*, they would both go pray,
For feare this Bell, to hell should them conuay.

But if a good, and vertuous liuing man,
Should chance to prie, within this little booke,
He neede not feare, for he already can,
Their calmie lines with faire digestare brooke :
If death him call, he doth him straight desie,
Only he knowes, from this world he must dye.

This

Dolarmys Primeroſe.

This Bell presents, the Crier of a Court,
The which in time, doth call both good and bad,
Each man thereto, muſt duly make reſort,
For when he calles, an anſwer muſt be had :
And when pale death, ſhall ſhut vp all our powers,
The dolefull bell, doth ſtrike our lateſt houres.

With which ſad words, he ſet them on the cloath,
Now ſir (quoth he) y' haue taſted all my fare,
The which to ſhew, to ſome I would be loath,
But ſpeake I pray, how doo yee like this cheere:
Well : but mee thinkes, 'tis ill digeſting food,
No ſir quoth he, 'tis pleaſant ſweet and good.

For if a Prince, ſhould chance to come this way,
And in mine Arbour, ſit as now you doo,
Theſe cates and cheere, to him I would forth lay,
And pray him looke, and taſte vpon it too :
And would not let, his pardon for to craue,
To tell him this, doth repreſent his graue.

Or if a Queene, with all her courtly traine,
Of ſtates and peeres, of Lords and Ladies gay,
Should come within, this little ſhadie plaine,
And in the Cell of poore *Maluchus* ſtay :
What ſhould detainē, my tongue it might not tell,
They muſt not aye, in earthly pleaſures dwell ?

Let all the Lawyers, lodg'd within new *Troy*,
And all the dames, that mincing minions are,
The pandar ſlaues, and ſtrumpets ſeeming coye,
Come here to mee, and none of them Ile ſpare :
But tell them all, and that with ſmall offence,
Their time will come, and that they muſt pack hence.

F

If

Dolurnys Primerose.

If mistresse *Maudlin*, with her golden locks,
Whose lemman knowes, his well-grift-forked browes,
Or mistresse *Maukin*, who sate twise i^th stocks,
Should vndermine, these Hermit-shading bowes:
I would not let, their person thus to greeke,
Amend, your end, is but a winding sheete.

Let them that spend, the flower of their time,
The *Venus* wanton, and the prodigall,
Who doo not take, the sunne while it doth shine,
But let it passe, and thinke not of their fall:
Let them come here, but once and dine with mee,
And here Ile tell them, what their end shall bee.

Let those that hoard, vp gold and siluer store,
And neuer thinkes, to part from it againe,
But sterue poore Orphans, at their wretched dore,
And sillie soules, for want thereof are slaine:
Let them looke here, here shall they plainly see,
At their last houre, what their best end shall bee.

Let pride, and theft, and glutton-drunkennesse,
And all the tribe, of miscreant demeanour,
With all lasciuious, folly and excesse,
Repaire to this, my little shadie bower:
And taste this fare, as you haue done with mee,
Then shall they know, what their best end shall bee.

Yet sir, quoth he, farre be it from your heart,
That you should take, a bad conceipt herein,
But of my words, and cheere receiue a part,
And thinke you welcome, to this homely Inne:
Nor doo I speake it, but that you should gaine,
Some pleasure by, your long spent time and paine.

But

Dolarnys Primerose.

But now I see, an houre is fully spent,
Since we sat downe, within this homely place,
Wherefore if you, be therewithall content,
Weele end our dinner, with a thankfull grace:
Which being done, if that you please to stay,
We will discourse, to spend this Summers day.

I was content, the dutie was effected,
The borde was drawne, and all was laid aside,
Each on his seate, in shadow sweet elected,
And then the Hermit, thus his speech did guide:
Good sir (quoth he) now doo I call to minde,
The *Paduan* brach, that was of *Spartan* kinde.

I pray you tell mee, doo you know her maister,
I aske not that, a Huntsman I would be,
But that I heard, you say she did runne faster,
Then all the hounds, in that wood sounding crye:
Faine would I know, him that in *Padua* ought her,
And eke the man, that into *Albion* brought her.

I blusht to heare, him name the dogge againe,
That I had nam'd, but neither scene, nor found,
For why? the hunting was a morall plaine,
Himselfe the Hart, his loue the *Paduan* hound:
Yet that I might, protect my selfe from shame,
Thus vnto him, an answer I did frame.

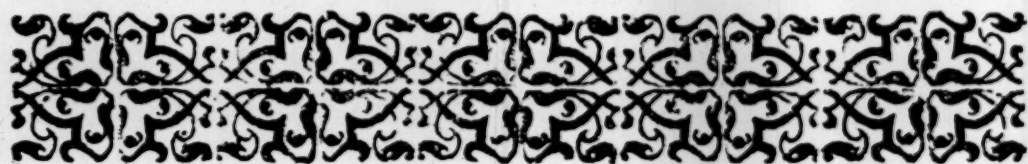
Sir, that faire brach, a curteous Knight doth keepe,
Who in his armes, will hugge the tatling elfe,
And in his bosome, suffers her to creepe,
So that the Ape, growes curst, and bites himselfe:
And wer't not that, I should be thought to glory,
Of them I could, discourse a pretty storie.

Dolarnys Primerose.

No sir, quoth he, if that you please to tell,
That faire discourse, deriu'd from *Italy*,
I cannot thinke, that glory vaine doth dwell,
Within that brest, where vertue seemes to lie:
Nor will I suffer, you to take the paine,
Vnlesse by lott, you doo the place attaine.

For that from *Padua*, I did late returne,
And with these eyes, I sadly did behold,
A sight the which, doth cause mee yet to mourne,
The which my tongue, did neuer yet vnfold:
Wherefore by lot, we may discerne right well,
Which of vs two, the first discourse shall tell.

The lots were cast, the Hermits was the charge,
He must prepare, to tell the first discourse,
When I did thinke, that I should heare at large,
His loue-sick passions, sighed with remorse:
But he as one, that reueld in dispaire,
Began this *Romaine* storie to declare.



The Hermites discourse.

WHere grisly cares, floweth vntamed tides,
Within the Ocean of a pensiue brest;
There sorrowes ship, still at an anchor rides,
Beaten with waues, of boiling thoughts vnrest:
Whole stormes of sighes, against that ship is sent,
Vntill her heart-worne, tacklings all are rent.

For

Dolarnys Primerose.

For when my hart, began to harbour grieve,
And that my thoughts, had entertayned wo,
In deserts wilde, I sought to finde releefe,
And path-les paths, my vncouth steps did know:
Vntill at length, I did behold and see,
Each senselesse creature, boystrous stormes did flee.

The stormes did force, the Lyon leaue his pray,
The wily Fox, to hasten to his hoale,
The stormes did force, the Wolfe to howle and bray,
The hinde to steale, to couert with her foale.
The stormes did force, th' Antilop for to hide her,
In shelters safe, conducted by the *Tiger*.

The vgly Beare, vnto her whelps did runne,
The bristled Bore, retired from his food,
The bounsing Doa, vnto the brakes did come,
The fearefull hare, did hasten to the wood:
And all the beasts, that natures art did mould,
Some harbour sought, to keepe them from the cold.

Then did I likewise, to my Chamber go,
Whose walls were painted, with oreflowing teares,
Mixt with the colour, of distresse and wo,
Drawne out with knots, of hopelesse grieve and feares:
My bed of sorrowe, I had lately bought,
My sheets with sighs, most sumptously were wrought.

My bolster fill'd, with sad lamenting groanes,
My pyllowe all, imbrodred ore with care,
My blanckets framed, full of wayling moanes,
My couering, imbossed with dispaire:

Thus was my Chamber, deckt on euery side,
With wo and grieve, wherein I did abide.

Dolarnys Primerose.

Where I had time, and place inough to mourne,
With fainting teares, there might I feast my fill,
There might my sighs, redoubled well returne,
From hollow vaults, and eu'ry little hill:

There to my selfe, my selfe was left aloane,
None left to heare, the tenure of my moane.

For if there had, perhaps they would but smile,
And laugh, and scoffe, at my sad soules lament,
Where, with the sighs, that I did time beguile,
Would shake great hilles, or stony rockes haue rent:
But such they were, as to my selfe were easing,
Content my minde, and to my selfe were pleasing.

Ten thousand sighs, I sent to fill the aire,
When from the aire, I suckt them vp againe,
A thousand times, I did repeate my care,
When still my care, did with my selfe remaine:
I sigh'd, I sobd, and weeping, hands did wring,
And sometimes song, my woes with sonnetting.

But after that, I had my selfe tormented,
With horred groanes, wheron I daylie fed,
So that the rugged, breathlesse stones lamented,
I wrapt my selfe, in that care couer'd bed:
Where thus my thoughts, did meditate on grieve,
Not knowing how, nor where to finde releefe.

The malecontent, is wayted on with wo,
The Louers life, is care ore-guilt with ioyes,
The penitent, his brest with sobs doth flowe,
Shedding out teares, his pensue soule auoydes:
Sighes at a beck, to each of them do fall,
Sorrow doth sit, atending on them all.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

The malecontent, he neyther eates nor ſleeps,
But meditates, vpon he knowes not what,
His daring eies, vpon the earth ſtill peepes,
But what he ſeekes, his ſenſes quite forgot:
His ſullen thoughts, doth feede on bitter gall,
Moſt is his mirth, when greateſt is his thrall.

Farre more hee labours, in his troubled minde,
Then all the Plough-men, in a thouſand feelds,
His harueſt reapt, when ſeaſons are moſt kinde,
Leſſe is his gaine, then leaſt of all theirs yeelds:
Hee thinkes his ſtate, is happier then many,
Yet loues, nor hates, nor feares, nor cares for any.

His life he loues, as men loues ſommers ſnowe,
For life and death, are both to him all one,
A life to death, he's ſure that he doth owe,
Hee death imbraceth, ere that his life is gone: (him)
With this his vayne, hee thinkes the Gods haue bleſt
And in this vaine, he go'th a while to reſt him.

The Louer ſad, I moane with kinde remorse,
For why? I knowe no ſurgeon can him cure,
His vnſcene wounds, are of ſo ſtrange a force,
That liuing long, no wight can them indure:
He's frizing hotte, and liuing alwayes dead,
Diſpayring hopes, and looſing thinkes him ſped,

He's well yet ſicke, and knowes not wher's his grieve,
He's burning cold, he hath and yet he ſkants,
He's ſeeking ſtill, though neuer findes releefe,
His heart ſeemes pleaſ'd, yet that he wiſh he wants,
Twixt two extreames, his ſhip is alwaies ſayling,
Hee thinkes him ſped, when all his baits are ſayling.
Hee

Dolarnys Primerose.

Hee mourning sings, hee smiles in sorrow sad,
Hee dying liues, and liues by alwaies dying,
Hee nought inioyes, yet with his nothing glad,
Hee still purfues, where hee sees nothing flying:
His restlesse pangs, would make a world to wonder,
Yet drowfie sleep, doth force him to a slumber.

The penitent, that doth in anguish payne,
Hee sinking swims, in gulfes of deepe dispaire,
In shade he sits, his sunne doth sildome shine,
His drinke is wo, his meate is clogged care:
Hee hopes, he feares, and thus in hoping ioyes,
Hope makes him glad, but fearing him annoyes.

To vncouth places, he doth alwayes hant,
His pensieue conscience, wills him there to wander,
His tort' red body, seemes to feele more want,
Then for his *Hero*, did loue-drown'd *Leander*:
No desert darke, nor pleasant lawne long holds him,
But weary still, his iuie armes infolds him.

He sighing peeps, from earth vnto the skies,
Then wofull lookes, from skie to earth againe,
From earth he came, in heauen his comfort lies,
Thus on he walkes, twixt mutuall ioy and paine:
In darksom night, nor yet in pleasing day,
His life nere stands, at one contented staye.

Well do I know, the teares and bitter moane,
The penitent, doth vtter with his wayling,
For in that griefe, I feele my selfe as one,
That haue a ship, within that Ocean sayling:
And hope at length, with others that haue store,
To bring my ship, vnto a happy shore.

Thus

Dolarnys Primerose.

Thus did I lie, with sundry meditations,
Thus were my thoughts, with diuers changes led,
Which musings were, my chiefest consolations,
Till drowfie sleepe, was hanging in my head:
Which then began, my senses to surprise,
Binding the deawie, closures of mine eies.

But slumber soft, no sooner had inclof'd,
The watry windows, of my wofull eies,
When as mee thought, a champion bold oppos'd,
My sleeping senses, with sad miseries:
Whose warlike lims, in iron rough were girt,
The which descry'd, the courage of his heart.

His burgonet, his vaunbrace and his sheeld,
Were framed all, of fire tempered Steele,
With golden starres, amid a fable feeld,
Whose massie substance, I did seeme to feele:
Fixt was his beauer, voyd of plumie fanne,
Or quainte deuise, vpon his helme to stande.

At which dread sight, my senses were amazed,
Though drowfie winks, did rock them still asleepe,
Mine eies did seeme, to wake, and waking gazed,
Yet heauie slumbers, closly did them keepe:
But then his voice, that seem'd my heart to shake,
Vnbound his tongue, which then these words bespake.

Awake, awake, ye winged wits of *Rome*,
Your flying fancies, wrapt in fiery ayre,
Sing *Iulius* worth, *Agricola* intoombe,
Your spirits high, closed in mansions faire,
Too long haue slept, in Loues delicious awe,
Forgetting still, your kind *Agricola*.

G

But

Dolarnys Primerose.

But where am I or where doe I declare,
My wofull name, with prostrate invocations?
What shall my sorows, pearce an Albions care?
And fright poore Padua with my exclamations?
No: let me first, from faire Elizea fall,
And choake the deep'st, infernall with my thrall.

O no: let Rome, let Rome sucke vp mine anguish,
Let Rome the mother, of my infants yeares,
Swell with my sighs, in which my soule still languish,
Let Rome disolue, her selfe with dolefull teares:
Let Roman Poets, sing great Iulius name,
With blazing trophies, of eternall fame.

But they are gone, from Romes terrestiall verges,
whose muse admir'd, were crown'd with quiering baies,
O they are dead, that should haue song my deriges,
With dolefull langours, and distressfull layes:
He liu's in blisse, that sung the warres of Troye,
Dead is the swayn, that told of Phillis ioye.

Yet doth he liue, eternized with glory,
That sweetly sung renowned Scipioes warres,
He liues that told Æmiliaes lasting story,
Mixt with Anthonius, and Octavius iatres:
A thousand more, doo liue, whose fames doe ring,
Yet none of dead, Agriola will sing.

Wherefore sith I, of force am summon'd here,
The storie of my, wofull dayes to tell,
And Rome denies, to lend her listning eare,
Attend Maluchus, and with sorrows swell.
That Albion faire, may wayle my tragedy,
Which sleeping waking, thou shalt heare of mee.

When

Delarneys Primerose.

When great Vespasian, wore the diadem,
Of Romes large Empire, and with conquering hand,
Had wonne the wals, of faire Ierusalem,
Whose stately towers, were at his comand:
Thē Romes sweet aire, my yongling daies did nuroish,
Her nectar pappes, my infancie did cherish.

Where, whilst my years, were tender, soft and young,
In learnings cradle, I was lai'd to sleepe,
My carefull tutor, ore mee sweetly sung,
And I some straines, of his did note and keepe:
Esteeming them, so highly in my power,
That I did hug them, till my latestt houre.

Then did I frame, my tongue to courtly charmes,
And how to tread, the distance of a dance,
And then I pract's'd, how to manage armes,
To tosse a pike, and how to weeld a lance:
Then with sound rackets, close within a wall,
I nimble learn'd, to tosse a tennisse ball.

To hunt a deere, I sometime tooke delight,
And sometime see, the lightfote hare to play,
And sometime with, an egar fawlcens flight,
I would consume, the weary longsome day:
A foaming steed, then would I learne to pace,
And swallow-swift, runne him a double race.

Then in a ring, I would him gently trot,
A full carriere, then did I learne to make,
Then to curuet, then for to gallop hot,
Then stopt him quick, that he new breath might take:
Then on his crest, my flattring palme would slide,
The more to cheere, his hot couragious pride.

Dolarnys Primerose.

At Tilt and Tourney, then did I learne to ride,
With clattring shokes, to breake a sturdy launce,
After the combate, then with portly pride,
My foaming courser, would himselfe aduance:
Whose sumptuous cariage, did so much excell,
That in each Tourney, I did beare the bell.

For so I manag'd, that couragious beast,
That he would vault, leape, coruet, plunge, and prance,
With startling furie, fold his doubled crest,
With loftie capers, stowpe, stop, and lightly daunce:
With fierie rage, strike, stare, and trample proudly,
Beating the stones, stamping and neighing loudly.

Each ten dayes once, *Olympus* feast we held,
Meeting in tilt, with compleat armour bright,
So that I knew, right well my speare to weld,
And how t'incounter, with the hardiest Knight:
And sometime hit, with counterbuffe so sound,
That he lay weltring on the sullen ground.

Whilst the spectators, voices high did laud mee,
With hou'ring hattes, and lowd tumultuous cries,
The trumpet shrill, did seeme for to applaud mee,
Pearcing the highest Zenith of the skies,
Where might be heard, vnpartiall voyces say,
Young *Iulius* wonne, the honour of the day.

Then was I brought, to liue in stately Court,
Whereas I fed, of daintiest painted lookes,
For gallant dames, there dayly did resort,
To haue their faces, read in steed of bookes,
And soone I learned, with an am'rous tongue,
To read the lines, that were their bookes among.

Fortun

Dolarnys Primerose.

Fortune did so, aduance my blooming dayes,
That in the court, I gain'd a courtly place,
And happy he, that most my name could raise,
I fate so high, in great *Vespasians* grace :
Each one vnlearned, thought their learned skill,
If not imploy'd, my fantasie to fill.

Agricola, was bruted through the land,
No tongue did moue, but spake of *Iulius* name,
Each *Marcellist*, that did controule a band,
Mutely admir'd, to heare of *Iulius* fame :
For sweet discourse, reuels, and chiuallrie,
Who was renow'nd? *Agricola* euen I.

Walkt I in Court, there Lamprils eyes descried mee,
If in the towne, the Cittizens would know mee,
If mountaines bare mee, shepheard swaines espied mee,
In countrie townes, each vnto each would show mee :
And all would bend, with curtesies to mee,
Whilst I to them, would giue like curtesie.

What should I say? but that I should not say?
All honour still, in Court attended on mee,
I still in great, *Vespasians* bosome lay,
So graciously, did fortune smile vpon mee :
And as I grew, each day to riper yeeres,
Each day renowne, did place me with great peeres.

But then *Bellona*, with her hot alarm's,
Did summon mee, vnto the dint of warre,
Where I with troupes, of worthy men at armes,
Refuse no toile, to meete that bloudie iarre :
Although great *Neptunes*, boyling empire lay,
Betweene our land, and that rich golden bay.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

But ſtraight we rigg'd, our huge ſea rending ſhips,
Whoſe ſpreading ſailes, with gentle *Eurus* aide,
In *Thetis* fields, through glaſſie billows ſlips,
No croſſe of *Fortune*, once our *Nauie* ſtaide :
 Vntill wee came, at that gold-ſhining towne,
 That was the ſpring, of *Iulius* renowne.

Where vnawares, we thruſt with ſpeed to land,
And orderly, our valiant forces placed,
With ſquadrons faire, vpon that forreine ſtrand,
With glitt'ring armour, all the plaines defaced ;
 But then our foes, like champions ſtoute and bold,
 Came with their power, for to defend their hold.

With hot Brauado's, and vndaunted ſpirits,
They marcht along, from out their Cittie gates,
Ambitious all, aduancement ſought by merits,
Committing life, and land, to froward fates :
 Nor wee, nor they, no parle ſcem'd to craue,
 Combat, and battaile, each one deſir'd to haue.

For raging furie, brooketh no delay,
Armie beards armie, in the bloody field,
Their trampling Gennets, fierie breathings neigh,
Our launces brauely, their ſtrong courſers wield :
 Enſignes diſplai'd, lowd drums and trumpets ſound,
 Whoſe threatening terror, from the clouds rebound.

Now warlike *Mars*, ſome of thy valour ſend mee,
Tip my weake tongue, with gads of tempered ſteele,
Or thou braue *Pallas*, ſome of thy power lend me,
That I may ſeeme, to make the heaters feele :
 What buffets, blowes, lim-parring-ſtroakes and ſcars,
 Are by ſterne champions, giuen in thy bloody iars.

My

Dolarnys Primerose.

My tongue's too feeble, to decipher out,
The raging furie, acted in martiall traines,
Yet will I shew, the prowesse of this route,
Which thus incounter'd; on the Southerne plaines :
The valiant horsemen, first with swift cariers,
In sundrie splinters, shiuerd their piercing speares.

Then to their Carbins, then vnto handy blowes,
Then violent shot, like to the Oceans rage,
With pell-mell-shocks, out off each armie goes,
Each man to win, his courage did ingage :
And stormes of Bullets, like to winters haile,
Out off each Squadron, did their foes assaile.

Then armours clatter'd, swords gaue blow for blow,
A hand, a hand, a foote, a foote did craue;
Life, life desir'd, bloud vpon bloud did flow,
Each Curtlex dig'd, himselfe a goarie graue :
There did *Bellona*, like a Lion teare;
Rough irefull gallants, on her tossing speare.

The radiant skie, was darkned with the smoake,
That issued from, the pattering Musket shot,
Which slumbring fume, our souldiers seem'd to choake,
The day and battaile, were so moultring hot :
The thundring Canons, plaied on either side,
Whose dreadfull furie, legions did diuide.

And as the waues, driuen with outragious stormes,
Beate the rampiers of vnmoouing rockes,
So did our Captaines, labour with hot alarmes,
Them to repulse, with shiur'ing launces shocks :
Here lies some dead, there other freshly bleeds,
Trampling vpon them, with vnuly steeds.

Abound

Delornys Primerose.

Abounding terror, tumbled in the feeld,
Death stood apaled, at his owne invention,
Enuie bedect, her selfe in Rigors sheeld,
Ruine and Horror, reuel'd with Dissention:
Raging Reuenge, sported in sanguin blood,
The rauin'd earth, ore-cloyed belching stood.

Harsh-dying tunes, sighing and greeuous groan's,
Wide gaping wounds, forced lamenting cries,
Heart-goaring stabs, bursting of leggs and boanes,
Life gushing teares, forced from bloody eyes:
Men kill'd, vnkill'd, as dreadfull warre desired,
Liuing and dying, while Parcas breath retired.

Yet was the battayle, in a ballance found,
Till I vndaunted, cheer'd each feeble wing,
Which doone our valiant, forces gather'd ground,
Then courage followe, all the feeld did ring:
Then did our foes, feare, faynt, and flattly flie,
Whilst wee as victors, victorie did cry.

Then did our soldiers, tryple valour take,
The small caliuers, then did discharge apace,
The pykes and halberts, liuing lims did shake,
With feares pursute, the targueters did chace:
The horse-men swiftly, did their launces bend,
The cannons swiftly, did their bullets send.

Then in our plumes, Fortune did seeme to play,
For that our foes, lay weltring in their blood,
Yeelding to vs, the honor of the daie,
The faire greene feeld, all sanguined ouer stood:
Here lie stout champions, pearst with deadly launces,
There laye braue Captains, leading fatall daunces.

Here

Dolarnys Primrose

Here fell a body, there tumbles off a head,
Here laye one maym'd, there laye one slaine out right,
Here laye a souldier, groueling scarfly dead,
There laye a leader, here laye a warlike knight:
There a coronel, here a Gallant slayne,
Thus were they scatter'd, ore the purple plaine.

And thus at length, we forc'd them to retire,
Closing themselues, within their Cittie walls,
Which wee inuiorn'd, round with sword and fire,
Pelting their frontiers, with hot poud' red balles:
Whence wee might heare, clamorous shrieks & cries,
Nipped with waylings, in the troubled skies.

Then wee began, their towring walles to scale,
Taking the time, by his rough hairie top,
While fickle Fortune, slylie brew'd their bale,
That we the flowre, of their delight might crop:
Short tale to make, valour and high renowne,
Our conqu'ring powres, plac'd in that warlike towne.

Whence many fled, to saue their wretched liues,
Many did humbly, kneele to kisse our feete,
Virgins, and maides, infants and trembling wiues,
With prostrate teares, did all our forces greete:
Where I proclaimed, with a trompet meeke,
That all should liue, that then their liues did seeke.

Who much did muse, to see so milde a fo,
Thinking themselues, conquered not at all,
Their sad applauses, gaue vs leaue to knowe,
The ioye they tooke, in that their rising fall:
And where before, w' had onely woon the towne,
Then of their hearts, we seem'd to weare the crowne.

H

For

Dolanys Primerose.

For they did bring, almost with free consent,
Their wealthy store, into our hands to giue,
Their gold, and Jewels, then they did present,
Their losse of goods, they seemed not to grieue:
For why? they knew, that we to them before,
Had giu'n a Lemme, worth all the wide worlds store.

Two dayes we stai'd, within that Citty faire,
Triumphing still, in victorie and gaine,
With pretious stones, and pearles beyond compare,
We did enrich, our warlike troupes and traine:
Our dauncing ships, doubled their swelling prides,
Such wealthy fraught, stuffed their bended sides.

Whose lustie moulds, we rig'd and trim'd anew,
With masts of siluer, then they did adorne them,
The old attire, ambitiously they threw,
Amidst the fouds, as they had neuer worne them:
Our yards were all, of Iu'ry, white as milke,
Our tacklings fram'd, of purest twisted filke.

Our maine-sailes all, of glassie Sattin faire,
Our top-sailes were, most sumptuous to behold,
Our spred-top gallants, trembling in the ayre,
Were framed all, of glittering cloth of gold:
Our dallying ensignes, wau'ring in the skie,
Were all imbost, with rich imbrodery.

While that our ships, thus in the port were trimming,
I cal'd our troupes, into their Senate hall,
Whereas I made, no drosse nor pure skimming,
But with content, I did content them all:
None parted with, a discontented heart,
For why I gaue, each man his full desert.

Dolarnys Primerose.

All which compleat, a pleasant gale of winde,
Did gentlie whisper, ore our Nauies Poope,
As though t'had knowne, w'had finisht vp our minde,
So sweet a breath, made our top gallant stoope:
Which caused vs, least that the winde should fail's,
Our Anchors weigh, and hoist our silken sailes.

Then of the towne, our last farewell we tooke,
With thundring noise, that seem'd r'affright the ayre,
Whilst Ladies from, the shoares on vs did looke,
With wo-swolne eyes, that we had left them there:
They shooke their hands, and shed teares for our sake,
In hope for them, our ships we would turne back.

Their sighes they sent, ouer the billowes rough,
Brought to our ships, with *Zephyrus* gentle hiffes,
And when they saw, we knew it well inough,
With balmie breath, they blew to vs their kisses:
Their gloues they tooke, and in the water fling them,
Hoping the tide, vnto our ships would bring them.

But *Eolus* which, our friend did still remaine,
Hasted our ships, from off that forreine coast,
Fearing least that, we should turne back againe,
And so our paines, were altogether lost:
For why? he knew, their *Syren*-tempting-songs,
Might well pretend, vnto our further wrongs.

Wherefore no leaue, he gaue vs to dispense,
But liuely gales, he whistled in our shrowdes,
So that he soone, conuei'd our Nauie thence,
Rowling amidst, the all vntamed flouds:
And by the power, of his great swaying hand,
We are driuen from ken, of that delightfull land.

Dolarnys Primierose.

Then were we toss'd, in *Neptunes* tenniss-court,
Whereas the waues, did rackets seeme to take,
To beate and bandy, was their onely sport,
Vntill a set game, they agreed to make:
Yet like young boyes, they did dallying play,
Which tosse new bales, for that they are so gaye.

For our faire ships, swelled the seaes with pride,
When they began, to daunce in *Tethis* lap,
But hauing reynes, within her verge to ride,
The surges seem'd, their boystrous hands to clap:
Triton did sound, in most harmonious wise,
Whilest *Neptune* gazed, on our welthy prise.

Who seem'd to call, *Apollo* from his chaire,
Nephew (saith he) knowe you this portly fleete,
Which seemes to come, from out the Phrigan aire,
Where wee with store, and treasure once did meete,
The firme foundation, of faire *Troye* to laye:
The which had florisht, till this present day,

Had these Grecians, which as I suppose,
Falsly betray'd, that vnremouing towne,
Since which time they, themselues right wel might lose,
In watry deserts, vnder my spacious crowne:
But if I knew, that these were surely they,
I would ore-whelme them, in the brinish sea.

At whose sterne words, *Apollo* seem'd to speake:
No gentle Nephew, mitigate your ire,
These are our friends, the which no peace will breake,
These men haue beene, to fetch *Promethean* fire:
These men are they, that trauels for our good,
Who are descended, from the *Troian* blood.

Then

Dolarnys Primerose.

Then vse them gently, as our chiefeſt friends,
And through your kingdomes ſafetie them conduct,
See all the gulſes, that you to them doo cleanſe,
So that their fleete, to *Scilla* be not ſuckt :

For if their land, they ſafely doo attaine,
They ſhall haue fame, but we ſhall haue the gaine.

Then *Neptune* ſeem'd, to calme his rugged brow,
Commanding *Triton*, all his pow'rs to call,
(While that our Theams, the frothie brine did plow)
He held a parle, in his ſpacious hall :

All ſtormie windes, he chaſt from out his land,
Onely faire *Zephyr*, at his beck did ſtand.

Who ſent freſh gales, as we on billowes ſaild,
Neptune himſelfe, did waite vpon our fleete,
And when the wind, feared diſpleaſure quaild,
Then would he helpe vs, with a tide moſt ſweet:
And when proud *Zephyr*, roughly ſeem'd to blow,
He would command him, he ſhould be more flow.

Thus did the great, commander of the Sea,
Conduct our Nauie, through his empire wide,
Vntill at length, vpon a calme day,
Our natiue land, we ioyfully eſpide:
Whoſe louely bankes, ſeemed with ſuger'd charmes,
To call our fleete, into her folding armes.

Then did wee haſten, to thoſe happie ſhores,
Mounted vpon, the wings of ſwift deſire,
Our ſailes did ſerue, for labouring armes and oares,
To gaine the port, to which we did aſpire:
And *Eolus*, no breath did vs denie,
But cau'd our ſhips, like *Pegasus* to flie.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Vntill we came, neare to the long wiſht ſtrand,
On whoſe faire bankes, a thouſand did attend,
To welcom vs, vnto that happy Land,
For of their ioyes, there ſeem'd to be no end:
With muſick loude, with drums & trompets ſound,
They drewe our ſhippes, vnto that pleaſant ground.

Each ſouldier weake, the which the waues did check,
And halfe dead fill'd, the body of each ſhip,
Did then reuiue, and walke vpon their decke.
Clapping their hands, and ſeem'd for ioy to ſkip:
In that great *Neptune*, lead vs all that while,
And ſet vs ſafe, vpon our native Ile.

Who then did ſeeme, with all his frothie traine,
On *Dolphins* backes, to mount their watry lums,
And ſmyling *Thetis*, left vs on the plaine,
And with that Monarch, thence together ſwims:
Commanding *Triton*, for to ſound a call,
To hold a counſell, in *Charibdies* hall.

While we did leaue, our huge ſea-cutting fleet,
Landing our troupes, Olimpikly on ſhoare,
Whereas whole legions, kindly did vs meete,
Wee being arm'd, with gold and ſiluer ſtore:
For ioye whereof, the hilles and dales did ſound,
The rockes and riuers, did with noyſe rebound.

Our well fraught nauie, then began to ſet,
Their thundring muſick, to report their treaſure,
And with high ſtraines, their inſtruments to ſet,
With harts delight, whiſt we did daunce with pleaſure:
Which roaring conſort, ſuch recording plies,
That their thick breath, dimmed the criſtall ſkies.

There

Dolarnys Primerose.

There were we brought, to that sea-beaten towne,
Inuiorned, with warlike harmony,
And all their voyces, seem'd at once to crowne,
Agricola, with fame and chivalrie:
The rattling musick, quauerd amidst the throng,
Th'hot caliuers, warbled the vnder song.

Whil'st I in sted, of pattring bullets threwe,
Siluer and gold, to pearce my country men,
To which hot skyrnish, there so many drewe,
That I would pause, and then begin agen:
Till night drewe on, thus did I guild their streets,
With gaine of warre, siluer and forrein sweets.

But *Phlegon*, *Pyrons*, *Æous* and *Æthon* proud,
Amids the ayre, hastned with fiery wings,
To beate *Apollo*, toward the Ocean floud,
And as a present, him to *Iber* brings:
Where he with banquets, reuell'd out the night,
Vntill *Aurora*, brought the morning light.

When night was come, wee tooke our quiet rest,
Sleeping secure, voyd of suspect or wrong,
Such harmelesse thoughts, harbored in each brest,
That wee were fast, vntill the Leuerucke song:
Who in the aire, with chirpings seem'd to say,
Awake, behold, see the delight some day.

For *Menmons* mother, then to world had brought,
So faire a shewe, of crimson speckled light,
All spangled ore, as if with Rubies wrought,
The which did banish, black *Cimmerian* night:
And glittering *Phebus*, then began to rise,
Gracing the earth, from out the azure skies.

Thus

Delarnys Primerose.

Thus having safely, taken sweet repose,
And that Apollo, to the lists was come,
From out our sheets, with speed wee then arose,
Leauing the port, with sound of trumpe and drumme:
And then we tooke, our iourney toward the court,
Whereas our wel-come, was in princely sort.

For all the peers flocking about mee came,
With seeming gladnes of my safe returne,
Applauding still, my then too happy name,
As though with Ioy, their inward hearts did burne:
Then great Vespasian, to accompt did call mee,
To know what chance, in Mars schole did befall mee.

Where I discourst, how I had spent my time,
How I tooke ship, and how I past the flouds,
How I did land, vnder that forreine clyme,
And how with force, our enemies withstood's: (downe
How with great paine, their troupes wee did beate
And how at length, we woon that mayden towne.

How many fled, to saue their loathed liues,
How many at, our weapons points did fall,
How I did pittie, infants, maydes and wuiues,
And how I gaue, mercy vnto them all:
How they themselues, their iewells to vs brought,
And how with store, our lustie shippes wee fraught.

Short tale to make, I nothing did delay,
But told him all, how that we went and came,
Euen from the first, vntill that present day,
Till he himselfe, did giue me triple fame:
And honors high, vpon my head he set,
But some repin'd, at those my titles great.

But

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

But then he tooke, mee by this iron hand,
Iulius (quoth he) mount, mount in wars deſire,
For now Ile ſend, thee with a puiſſant band,
Where like a prince, thou ſhalt by fame aſpire:
To be inrol'd, within a warlike ſtorie,
With trophes of, eternal prayſe and glorie.

I'll make thee, Gen'ral of as great a traine,
As ere was copt, vnder the boundleſſe ſkie,
Who as they march, ſhal hide each hill and playne,
And drinke at once, the foaming Ocean drye:
No ſhipps ſhall neede, to waſt them ore the ſea,
For they ſhal land it, in one ſommers daye.

Not Xerxes armie, ſhal with them compare,
So many legions, vnder thee ſhall go,
The ſight whereof, ſhall make thy aduerſe feare,
When thou doſt come, t' encounter with thy fo:
Ile raine downe gold, ſtill for thy ſouldiers pay,
Then gentle Iulius, ſtay not, haſt away.

This promiſe vrg'd mee, once againe to go,
To trie my fortune, in Bellonaes ſchoole,
Soone was prepar'd, a gallant glittering ſhow,
Whereas did want, no kinde of warlike toole:
There were they plac'd, each man in his degree,
And I proclaim'd, their Generall to be.

Then trumpets ſhrill, ſounded aloud for ioye,
And thundring drums, fill'd the aie with noyſe,
The ſoldiars all, each man and ſturdy boye,
Houer'd their hearts, with an applauſing voyce:
Taking our leaue, then did we march along,
Arriuing ſafe, in (great) Brittainie ſtrong.

Dolarnys Primerose.

In which faire soile, the Britains bold did raine,
Th'vndaunted Scotch men, and the Scithians wild,
The Cornish crew, and Calidonian traine,
The naked Silures, and the Pictians vilde:
Who all at once, prouided skil-lesse powers,
To driue our forces, from their mean built towers.

For men like Satir's, clad in rustike tire,
Halfe weapon-lesse, with braying cries and cals,
To meet our daring, army did aspire,
Praying vpon vs, like fierce Cannibals:
There might be heard, the hideous lumbring swasher,
Vnequally, consorting with the clasher.

There might be heard, the hollowe wind bag'd droan's:
With direfull roaring: and the puffing piper,
There might be heard, harsh tunes with clattring bones,
The loud shrill drummer, and the iarring fifer.
Which musicks discord, seem'd a consort right,
To courage vp, our foes vnmanag'd might.

Whose habits mean, did harbor haughty hardnesse, (lesse
Their stomacks stout, though skil-lesse made them feare-
Their prowesse doubtlesse, bred their own vntow'rdnesse
Their desperat ṽtur's, shew'd their hearts were peerlesse:
Their valors swordlesse, made them still regardlesse,
Their blows were harmlesse, & their bodies wardlesse,

Their weapons were of, Ibeame, witch, and thorne,
Some had a skeane, and some a dart and durke,
Some fewe had bows, and arrows pil'd with horne,
And priuie poynards, in some sleues did lurke:
Some had'te targes, some pikes with points new burned,
Some stil threw stones, & some poore chariots turned.

Some

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Some weelded ſpears, and ſheelds of Elme full tough,
Some hare brayn'd roſters rid on garriſh ſteeds,
Some two hand ſwords, did uſe of iron rough,
Whoſe aukward powers, acted moſt worthie deeds:
For why they thought, a man was neuer dead.
Till by ſome meanes, they had cut off his head.

Yet day by day, on bogges and brays wee met,
One while they vs, then ſtraight wee them would chaſe,
They vpon vs, we vpon them would ſet,
Such was the reſt, wee tooke within that place:
Thus did we feed, vpon the bread of warre,
Painting our lines, with many bloudy ſkar.

Full thriſe three years, in Brittain I remayned,
From whence my fame, ſo ſtately Roome did flie,
But then Veſpaſian, was by death detained,
And mightie Titus, in that time did die:
Then grew my woes, then did my ſorows ſpring,
Then, then did bloome, my fatall ruining.

For then Domitian, tirant-like did ſwaie,
The royall mace, and diadem of Rome,
Who vndeſcried, plottes did ſlily lay,
To bring poore Iulius, to his finall doome:
And wreſt my life, from mee by fowle deceit,
For that my name, did dayly growe ſo great.

All meanes he ſought, to augment my worth and fame,
When ruſty enuie, gnaw'd his cankered heart,
His cunning lipps, did ſeeme to rayſe my name,
But ſtill he ſought, my death with ſlight and art:
Euen ſo Viſſes, flattered in the court,
While luckleſſe Ajax, toyl'd with warlike port.

Dolarnys Primerose.

Yet I was worse, then *Telamons* poore sonne,
For hee was present, with his wily fo,
He knewe his flights, long ere the spight was doone,
But *Iulius* I, did neither see nor knowe:

His causelesse enuy, I did neuer taste,
How he chac'd mee, as I the *Brittains* chac'd.

He mee pursu'd, and I my foraine foes,
His stroakes were slight, but I rough payement gaue,
He fought with wiles, I fought with rugged blowes,
He fought my wracke, I fought his life to saue:
He wrought my bane, I wrought, to raise his fame,
He woon the prise, I lost the set and game.

But all so fitted, to my seeming good,
That no misdeeming, in my heart did rest,
Although he dayly, thirsted for my bloud,
No such opinion, lodged in my brest:
For then from *Brittain*, he did send for mee,
And I of *Syria*, should Lieutenant be.

His iugling letters, had such lofty straines,
That I was all, enchanted with his charmes,
I must to *Rome*, and leaue my wonted traines,
To cope with greater, dignities at armes:
Wherefore I tooke, my leaue and last adiew,
Of all my troopes, great *Syria* to viewe.

But when I came, vnto the *Roman* Court,
Whose glorious name, did ring throughout the world,
Wonder did seeme, about me to resort,
For black indite ments, on my head were hurld:
And I, poore I, as many tongues could tell,
Ere long was sent, vnto the cittadell.

And

Dolarnys Primerose.

And thise accurst, by destiny and fate,
Was then proclayn'd, a traytor for to be,
Against the Prince, the Counsell and the state,
The which did not, with my deserts agree:
Yet did *Vlisses*, *Palamede* so hate,
That with smooth words, he did cut off his pate.

Alas, alas, the time doth swiftly runne,
For nowe I heare, nights trumpeters shrill noyses,
Who hastens mee, my story to haue done,
O stay a while, and Ile obey your voyces:
For being clos'd, within that towring wall,
I heard no talke, but of my death and fall.

And on a day, before *Aurora* sprong,
To tell the world, that *Phebus* faire was comming,
I was inuited, with a mourning tongue,
Vnto a feast, prouided with great cunning:
Where I should feed, on such delicious cates,
As was prepar'd, for me and such like states.

I could not choose, but needes I must consent,
To go and see, that sweete and dainty fare,
Although I knewe, that feast with full intent,
Was so ordayn'd, to end my worldly care:
Yet I as willing, as their hearts could wish,
Did viewe, and that, is banquets chiefest dish.

And when I came, vnto that spacious hall,
There did I see, my diet and my cheare,
My Caruer then, vnto mee I did call,
Saying these words, carue, friend, and do not feare:
Then did he cut, and I did eate such store,
That after then, I neuer did eate more,

Dolarnys Primerose.

Then this memoriall, of my endlesse soule,
Which had beene lockt, within my body long,
Was registred, in a celestiall rowle,
And plac'd in ioye, whilst Angels sweetly sung:
Where troupes diuine, eternally shall raigne,
Keeping their Court, vpon *Elizian* plaine.

But worldling know, to thee I doo not come,
To tell thee how, I liued in my life,
Nor for to tell, this story all and some,
Which was my end, my death, and fatall strife:
A thousand heads, more of my state hath knowne,
Then in this storie, I to thee haue showne.

It were a pride, for me to tell thee this,
Or tell thee how, I dwell in Paradise,
No, no, I come, to lead thee vnto blisse,
Then heare my words, note them, and be precise:
First honour God, then with a louing heart,
Honour thy Prince, for so it is thy part.

Defraude no man, hurt not the innocent,
Hate pride, liue chaste, back-bite not with thy tongue,
Swear not in vaine, to vengeance be not bent,
Murther no man, nor doo no poore man wrong:
Beare no false witnesse, hoord no gold in store,
While Orphanes weake, starue at thy cursed dore.

The Saboth keepe, honour thy parents deare,
Steale no mans wealth, thy enemies forgiue,
Shunne sloth as sinne, and drunkenesse forbear;
Glutte no thy selfe, still pouertie relecue:
Fauour thy friend, loue thy true seruant well,
This done, thy fame, for euer shall excell.

And

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

And if that long, thou doſt deſire to liue,
Beware of ſuch, as brought mee to my end,
For they are men, that cunning words will giue,
Although thy ſo, they will profeſſe thy friends:
And will not let, to ſweare, and forſweare too,
Thy welch to gaine, though it doth thee vndoo.

But ſtay: mee thinkes I ſee the Eurian lights,
Budding like Roſes, in the mornings browes,
The drowſie vapours, takes their ſable flyghts,
And bright *Aurora*, doth her ſelfe vnhouse:
The glow-worme di nfeares the approaching ſun,
Wherefore farewell, for I to ſpeake haue done.

Thus did he leaue, and thus the *Hermit* left,
with teares diſtilling, and with ſighs abounding,
His ſilent muteneſſe, ſhew'd his loyes bereft,
Yet night did force me, leaue him plaints reſounding:
And thus I reſt, his ſtory to deſcrye,
For that black night, hath now incloſ'd the ſkie.

Yet when *Apollo*, ſhall rechafe againe,
The *Vesper* vailes, the earth hath clouded ouer,
If that your ſteps, doo guide you to this plaine,
The accident, to you I will diſcouer:
Vntill which time, your ſelfe I do commend,
To be preferu'd, by Alls all guiding friend.

The radiant torch, long ſince had burning left,
And *Cinthia* pale, keeping a wanton vaine,
Trimmed her ſelfe, like to a louer deſte,
Caſting her glimpses, towar'd faire *Latmos* plaine:
Which louely object, cau'd her dazzling eyes,
With triple brightneſſe, to enrich the ſkies.

Wherefore

Dolarnys Primerose.

Wherefore I left, the louely aged man,
Taking my leaue, my bed I made my blisse,
But in the morne, I did returne againe,
Whereas I heard, the *Hermits* life and his,
Which now my pen, growne dull denies t'indite,
Taking fresh breath, in fresher lines to write.

FINIS.



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